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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate threatening weather, with occasional rain or snow.

The firm of Quay & Providence will retire from business for four years.

The bicycle will never supersede the horse, because it has not as good a show.

President Cleveland continues to show his dislike for the cause of Cuba and the Democratic party.

The musical season is about to begin in this city. The lecturers will begin later to explain what the music means.

The Rapid Transit Commission is still producing plans. Some day there will be a commission to produce rapid transit.

Mr. Cleveland can find reasons for pardoning men who counterfeit the money of the nation, but he has no use for those who refuse to counterfeit their Democracy.

Senator Hill i... said to be ready to ...dertake the work of reorganizing ... Democratic party. It may occur ...ne people that the Senator should ...y reor...anizing his own Democ-

...stion that Mr. McKinley ...e gold Democrats by ap... Breckinridge to his Cab... in addition to the recogni... ...a an avenue for the vindica... Kentucky man so eagerly

...ndiana Republicans have se... control of the Legislature, and ...ext Senator from that State will ...Mr. C. W. Fairbanks, a railroad ...orney. Thus is the contingent of ...the United Senate being augmented.

...work of making Mr. Platt feel ...nfortable has been inaugurated ...out the least loss of time. How... as Mr. Platt is the possessor of a ...gislature with an Executive attach... ...ent, he may give the gentlemen en... ...aged in the snubbing parties some... ...hing quite serious to contemplate.

HORSES AND SOC...

The opening of the H... ...w to... ...ay will also open th... ...ason in ...his city. The re... ...ggests the ...ual exhibition ... after all the ...nevitable refle... ...burden. They ...easts are ... ...e assembling of ...arry an ... ...e doings and ap... ...ny excellent persons ...rest. It is a fact that ...hich this admirable col... ...al examples takes part ...n excuse for assembling.

...e recently said in these col... that the opera, as conducted at ...etropolitan Opera House, was a social fad. But he might have further, and noted that it was ...y one of many excuses which people have for assembling, and ...oo, in places where they may be ... It is an undeniable fact, if evi... ...counts for anything, that our ...et is anxious to keep itself con... in evidence. At the Horse Show ...of us who belong to humbler ..., such as statesmen, authors, ...civil engineers, inventors, art... ...d others not in the social set, ...udy the looks of these singular in their afternoon and evening and may observe how they com... ...emselves, to the end that we ...and do as nearly likewise as it ...ble for mere imitators to do.

...little while and they will have ...excuse for assembling in still ...garb at the opera, where we ...a great deal of them and may ... upon the value of their jew... ...y have also their balls, at ... may not be spectators; but ...usually considerate enough to ...r ball costumes to the opera ...y part of the evening. They ... annual coaching club pa... ...h we are at liberty to view, ...ave their yacht club cruise, ...ay see them in their nauti... ... if we chance to be about. ...shows, operas, cruises, ...des, golf tournaments ...est are mere incidents. ...ject is to get together, be ...k. It is wonderful to the ...server. That a class of ... does not produce an idea ...ration, which never orig... ...ng but fads of speech or ...aking hands, which con-

would go on just the same, should expend its whole energy in maintaining itself as an exclusive class, and should detest the very thought of mingling with any other class, must certainly strike the philosophical mind as just a trifle humorous. What do these people find to talk about? Our admirable friend, Cholly Knickerbocker, has let us into that secret. They talk about themselves, for they do not regard any one else as worth talking about.

Well, no doubt they are happy. So let us all go to the Horse Show and enjoy the exhibition of society. Never mind the horses. They are only there to give the other creatures an excuse for assembling. For a reasonable price all we common people may go quite close to the untitled aristocracy of Gotham, and perchance in the course of time we may learn to be as thoroughly satisfied with ourselves as they are.

CLEVELAND AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Having succeeded in defeating the party which has thrice made him its nominee and twice the President of the nation, having cheerfully aided to re-establish that system of tariff taxation which he habitually describes as robbery, and to enthrone in power those agencies which he picturesquely denominated "the communism of pelf," President Cleveland remains unsatisfied. He glares about for new worlds of infamy to conquer, new ways of stultifying himself and demonstrating the hollowness and hypocrisy of his constant claim to honesty of conviction. He seems to have found his opportunity in the Civil Service Reform law.

Pledged to tariff reform, Cleveland aided in the election of McKinley. Pledged time and again to maintenance of civil service reform in letter and in spirit, he has ever since the election been a party to a scandalous, though petty, perversion of it to the ends of personal and partisan spite.

Friday the Postmaster of Springfield, Ill., was dismissed because of his activity in Bryan's support. For our own part, we do not believe that any man holding a public office should be debarred from exertion of his political rights unless he has neglected the duties of his office. No such allegation is made in this case. But if partisan activity be made a cause for removal from office it must be partisan activity on either side. The Postmaster of Chicago was active in support of McKinley. Why does his Springfield brother go and he stay? The Collector of the Port of San Francisco travelled all over the Central West making bitter speeches against Bryan, but the Cleveland theory of civil service reform does not molest him. No Federal office-holder who fought Democracy has suffered; none who upheld its cause is safe.

In Kentucky there wages a factional war within the Democracy—Senator Blackburn seeks re-election. Secretary Carlisle, who betrayed his party as readily as he deserted his convictions, wants his seat. By one of those brilliant exhibitions of nepotism for which the reform administrations of Grover Cleveland are famous, Carlisle's son serves at comfortable pay as chief clerk of the Treasury Department, and has supervision of appointments to and removals from office. Since election he has made repeated removals of friends of Senator Blackburn, replacing them by partisans of his father. This execrable perversion of a power which, under the Civil Service law he ought not to possess he has carried even to the point of removing a woman for no cause save her friendship for his father's political opponent. To this scandalous and abominable utilization of the public service for the gratification of private malice Grover Cleveland is a party. His order would check it instantly. His frown would put an end to it. But his favor, which the project clearly enjoys, will doubtless lead to complete demoralization of the public service.

Out of office Cleveland will go without the favor of Democrats, for he has betrayed and assassinated Democracy. As a Mugwump he will have little standing, for he has violated the cardinal precept of mugwumpery—civil service reform. The Republicans will scarcely admire him, for even the British spurned Benedict Arnold. Contemned, despised and hated, he will carry with him into obscurity but one consolation—an all-sufficient one, maybe, to one of his gross nature—he retires rich.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

It is generally safe not to put too much faith in the reports that reach the press respecting what the President and the State Department are thinking about, especially when the President and State Department refuse to confide in the correspondents. Nevertheless, the reports are sometimes right, and probability favors the one which asserts that Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee has informed Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney that Spain is very tired of the Cuban war and would like to abandon it with as little loss of prestige as may be. That Spain will seek her way out by offering some affront to the United States which will force a thr...

possibilities which may be classed as ingenious. Such an affront, considering the temper of Spain and Captain-General Weyler toward this country, is likely to be given at any time, and yet be due to new circumstances, and not at all to predetermined policy. It would be welcomed by the American people if it should have the effect of rousing Mr. Cleveland from his indifference to the war which is desolating the island and seriously injuring our business interests.

BATTLE SHIPS AND CRUISERS.

It is strange that among the comments on Japan's order for two American built cruisers of the Olympia type are found strictures upon the Secretary of the Navy for not demanding further production for the United States of such vessels instead of coast-line battle ships. Such comments show a curious ignorance of the objects and aims of an American navy. The province of our navy is naturally two-fold. Its first business is to represent the country abroad, to support its honor and enforce its claims in all places where such support and enforcement are necessary. For this work cruisers are unquestionably necessary, and the only question that arises is whether we have enough of them, and those of sufficient speed, coal capacity and fighting ability, to do the required work. The second business of the navy—second only because less frequent than the other—is to defend the country. It is obvious that cruisers cannot best do this.

In building the new navy the absolute necessity of a large force of cruisers of various types, forces of armament and degrees of speed has been kept constantly in sight. No navy in the world is better equipped with such vessels in proportion to its size than that of the United States. Furthermore, all of our recently built cruisers show a distinct advance over foreign vessels of their class. For instance, the New York is conceded, even by English authorities, to be a better ship than the Blake, and the Brooklyn is an improvement on the New York. The Olympia belongs to the English Hector class, but is a marked advance upon it.

On the other hand, all the other great navies excel ours in the proportionate number of battle ships. This is so because we properly devoted the early years of our work, as already noted, to supplying our first needs. But in the course of events we shall inevitably come into armed conflict with some other nation, and for that day we must provide ourselves with battle ships. Most of these ought to be of the coast-line types. We shall not be likely to fight except in defence of our country, and in doing that we shall properly throw the burdens and difficulties of aggressive warfare upon the attacking nation.

For the defence of our coasts we need a few sea-going battle ships, to meet and check the enemy's fleet at some distance from our shores, and a large force of coast-line vessels to protect those shores from assault. Secretary Herbert is right in calling for more battle ships. He is acting with the advice of our best authorities on naval warfare, and there are none better. It will not be necessary to cease building cruisers; but it is equally unnecessary to continue producing them in large numbers, because we are already fairly well supplied with them.

It is a good thing for commentators on the navy to know a little about navies and their purposes. Glittering generalities are about as valuable in the discussion of the topic as a compass with the quartermaster's jackknife in the binnacle is for steering a ship.

CADETS AND INDIANS.

Superintendent Ernst, of the United States Military Academy at West Point, has put his veto on the proposed game of football between the cadets and the Carlisle Indians. This seems a pity. The embryo soldiers struggling in generous athletic rivalry on a peaceful field with the children of the savages, whom the army has so often had to meet in the West in sterner battle, would have been an inspiring sight. But the Indians might have won, and that, of course, could not be tolerated. If Lone Wolf should telegraph home to his father, "Have downed cadets, 10 to 0," the sire might send word around among the tribes that things were coming the red man's way, and it would be a good time to dig up the hatchet.

Superintendent Ernst has proved that he is a wise and far-seeing man, altogether well fitted for the onerous post which he occupies. He has heard a thing or two about that Indian football eleven, and he does not intend that its members shall hang the scalps of his young sub-officers to dry outside their wigwams. He is right. It would never do to let the poor Indian get the idea that he could whip the soldier in fair fight. The poor Indian is proud enough as it is, and it is altogether a happy thing that the children of Minquon, as their forefathers called William Penn, the able-bodied, peace-loving Quakers of Philadelphia, have been at hand to pre...

When King McManus Came to New York.

If there is one thing that is remembered in the barroom but it is King McManus's visit to New York

It is a more important spot in history to date things from than the year of the big wind in Ireland.

The King is dead by the way. He died a natural death a week or so ago in San Francisco, and any sporting man could have made a barrel of money betting against the event.

But the King's visit to New York. There was some political game afoot and he came on to get a rest from bossing the wickedest ward in San Francisco and keeping the Welches, pretenders to the kingship of the Potrero, under subjection.

Bellevue Hospital first bulletined the King's arrival in the metropolis.

A man came in there with an ear gone and a face like a smashed pie.

"What hit you?" asked the surgeon, between stitches.

"Some dime museum giant gone crazy. He said he was McManus, of San Francisco."

Before this patient was fixed up in came another. He had a broken jaw and two of his ribs no longer fitted.

"Run over?" asked the surgeon.

"Dunno; a fellow named McManus hit me and I don't know what happened next."

Three more in various stages of distress and damage came, all with McManus brands on them, and finally four policemen brought in a flat-faced, gorilla-chested, thick-armed man whose head showed where a policeman's billy nad done its good work.

"Well, byes," he said, glancing at the bandaged five, "I see yez beat me here."

It was McManus.

Bartenders up town shudder when they tell of that night. The King was on the loose, and he cleaned out four saloons before the clubs of the police made an impression on his mind.

It was McManus's ability to clean out saloons that made him King of the iron moulders' district in San Francisco. He had a saloon of his own there, and as he could lick any man in the ward and was always proud to do it, he naturally had influence, and had to be reckoned with in elections.

His favorite method in saloon fighting was to grab the smallest man handy by the shoulders and swing him like a flail, beating the balance of the crowd into submission with his heels.

No less a light than Jack Dempsey went down before this sort of a cyclone one night while the Nonpareil was drunk. The King was strong as a bull and about as hard to hurt, and he minded no rules when it came to a fight. Rough-and-tumble was the game at which McManus was really king.

He was a thrifty fellow, with all his drunkenness and miscellaneous rowing. There wasn't any game the King wouldn't play at, and he usually won.

He had a pet bear in his saloon for a time, a dissipated, shaven beast who used to booze with the iron moulders and then wrestle with them. A drunken foundryman can down a drunken bear, but when both are sober the bear has the better of it. So the King would let his bear fill up and then bet drinks with such of his customers as cared to wrestle the brute. The customers won, but along about pay day the King, with his bear duly sober, used to get up wrestling matches for bigger stakes than drinks and tide over the dull season with the proceeds.

Once in a while the King would get up into the civilized part of town and have a reign of terror of his own up there, but he was never punished for smashing an ordinary citizen, somehow. He was the hardest man on the Pacific coast, he gloried in his title, and he slipped through police courts like water through a sieve.

The King's downfall was due to the Welches, who started up a saloon around the corner from his, and began to do politics on their own account. McManus led a charge on the new shop, but the Welches stood him off once.

They used to shoot, and stabbed and battered for the boss-ship in the Potrero for years until the Gossoon was killed.

The Gossoon was King McManus's younger brother, Con—the dauphin of the Potrero, as it were.

Con was shot by Charley Sweeney, the baseball player, in an election row.

The King was never the same man after that. To be sure, when Father Grey, of St. Patrick's Church, refused to say a requiem mass over the dead tough, the King smashed the windows of the parochial residence with brickbats, but his spirit was crushed. After that he was drunk oftener and stayed drunk longer, and even lost some fights, and finally he died of dropsy, and now they are talking about him at both ends of the Continent; here because such a drunk as King McManus's marks an epoch in New York, and in San Francisco because he was the toughest man they had, and no town had a tougher.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Uncle Simon, why does all the world love a lover?"

"Because they know he will be spending mon... as long as he can raise a cent."—Chicago Rec...

"Well," remarked the wife of the man who has changed his mind about coming to Congress, "you have a clear conscience, anyhow."

"I know that," was the comfortless reply; "but a clear conscience isn't what I was running for."—Washington Star.

AT THE THEATRE.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder who you are;
I'm behind a hat so tall
I can't see the stage at all.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

"I don't see how the army chaplain understood that he was meant."

"Well, he was new at the business, and when the Queen asked for the Minister of War, the new chaplain responded."—Washington Times.

"I really must get one of those knickerbocker hunting costumes," said the girl in blue.

"But you don't know anything about a gun," protested the one in gray.

"Of course not."

"And you wouldn't dare go near one."

"That's also true."

"And you'd be afraid to go near anyone who had one."

"Quite right."

"Then you wouldn't be able to do any hunting."

"You forget," said the girl in blue, "that husband hunting is still somewhat in vogue, and I don't know anything better for it than such a costume as that now that the bathing ... haven't quite reached ...ago Post.

...espect is the man who ... is the man who can ...ianapolis Journal.

The Philadelphia Girl and a Lost Pocketbook.

"Do you ever forget your pocketbook?" asked the girl in blue.

"Not if there happens to be any money in it," returned the girl in brown.

"I wish I didn't," sighed the girl in blue, "but nothing seems to cure me of the habit. Why, once I left it at a house where I was calling and discovered the fact after I had gone a block. The front door was open and as nobody heard me come up the steps I went right into the reception room and found"——

"You don't mean to say that they had opened it to see how much was in it?" cried the girl in brown.

"Worse, dear; they were telling each other in loud, clear tones that they really thought I was never going home! Even that didn't break me. Why, once I laid it down on the dressing table at Adelaide's and took up hers by mistake. On the way home I stopped into a strange place for a cup of chocolate and was horrified to find, after I had drank it, that there wasn't a penny in that pocketbook—only a handkerchief folded to make it look plethoric!"

"It was near the end of the month, I suppose; nobody has much money then. I'd never have any myself but for my father, who saves five dollars out of my regular allowance and gives it to me then."

"How mean of him! He might just as well give it all to you at once and then let you borrow."

"That was just what I did until one awful month when he discovered that I owed him ten dollars more than my allowance."

"How provoking of him! Yes, and once I forgot my umbrella and left it at Anita's—it was a little beauty, too. Somebody had left it at our house fully two months before and I never could find out who it was."

"Did you ask many people?"

"Every man who called in the interval—to be sure, it was a lady's umbrella, but I didn't know but that a man might be carrying it. As I say, I left it at Anita's, and before I could hurry back for it Emily Marshmallow had claimed it and left in its place an old one of mine which I was actually ashamed to carry home."

"I wonder if it was really hers?"

"Anita says that her initials were engraved on the handle; I never once thought to look there, you know. Then, once I forgot and left a photograph of Jack in a book which Allen had loaned me; it was there when I returned the book. What made it especially bad was that Jack had been dividing his attentions between Allen's sister and myself, though neither of us was aware of that. I couldn't quarrel with him about it, either, when I did find it out."

"I'm sure I don't see why."

"I happened to be engaged to Allen at the time, dear; did I mention that fact? That brings me to the story of how I forgot my pocketbook the last time."

"But about Allen. Couldn't you tell him that somebody else had put that photograph in the book?"

"I did, dear; but unfortunately my name and the date, ten days before, were on the back of it! He felt awfully over it, too; hadn't even the heart to make love to a girl in our own set, and so bring me to terms. No, he just went about with that meek little thing from Philadelphia, who was visiting his sister at the time. I didn't distress myself about it—I knew his sister made him do it, and I intended to make up with him as soon as ever the sleighing season opened, but somehow I couldn't get the chance."

"Couldn't you flirt with Jack?"

"Well, no; that shy sister of Allen's made sure of him while I was still trying to pacify her brother. In spite of all my efforts I never managed to see Allen until one day last week, when I got into a street car and took a seat right across from him. He pretended not to see me, but I knew my chance."

"But how did you"——

"Manage it? Easily enough. When the conductor came around I found that I had forgotten my pocketbook, as usual."

"But had you no money with you?"

"I had car fare in my glove, of course, but I pretended I had none; it gave him such a good chance to speak to me."

"And did he pay your fare?"

"Of course he did. Then I pretended to see him for the first time, thanked him and said, with the smile he never could resist: 'Wont you come over and sit by me? I haven't seen you for so long and I have a great deal to say to you.'"

"And, of course, it was all right then?"

"No, it wasn't. He said: 'I don't think you've seen the papers, either; else you would congratulate me. This is my wife.'"

"You don't mean to say that he had"——

"Married that horrid little Philadelphia girl? That's just what he had done—and, oh, Bertha, I had to ride six awful blocks before I could decently leave the car!"

Booming the Idea.

[Memphis Commercial Appeal.]

We are still of the opinion that the suggested matrimonial union of Lillian Russell and Chauncey Depew would be the very thing. Lillian is young and beautiful and experienced, while Chauncey is natty and witty and wealthy. Both are in the matrimonial subjunctive mood. Both are believers in the double standard. Lillian is theatrical and operatic, while Chauncey is rhetorical and pragmatic. It would be a union of two souls whose contrasting qualities would intertwine in a lovely alternating current of the tender passion. It would be a novelty in the matrimonial line to both of them, and all the world loves a novelty.

Confusion.

"Ahoy, there," called the master of Hades. Charon was palpably confused as he warped his boat into the dock.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the fact is, I have felt the liberal movement in theology and I forget some of the landing places now and then."—Detroit Tribune.

Domestic Science.

"Listen, Mrs. Jones; some one has invented a machine by which a man can hear himself wink."

"That's good, Mr. Jones; now I hope they'll get up one by which a man can hear himself snore."—Chicago Record.

Vulcanized.

Foreman—That india rubber man just wont become submissive. He seems to get harder every day.

Satan—It can't be helped, I guess. Rubber and sulphur burned in combination always act that way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TALK OF THE LITERARY SHOP.

Local literary society was in a ferment last Saturday because of a paragraph in the Journal that morning announcing the fact that the Tatler, the new literary daily, was to appear that day. From early dawn until well into the afternoon hatless poets, breathless short-story marvels and plotless serial writers scurried up and down Fifth avenue, congregating in groups at important corners, and babbling the while about the new venture. A venerable poet who had just come into town from his Long Island home, with his week's output of triolets and sonnets, declared that he had not seen so much interest manifested by literary people in any one event since the memorable day when Cadmus invented letters, an occasion which he distinctly remembered.

Soon after 2 o'clock fleet-footed couriers from the office of Messrs. Stone & Kimball spread the new paper throughout the length and breadth of the publishing district, and straightway were the copies purchased by the makers of prose and verse, who had been on the lookout for them all the morning. Perhaps it is not fair to judge a new daily by its first number, but until the second number appears it is all one has to go by, and so it happens that I am compelled to record the sense of disappointment that swept over the heartstrings of literary New York when the little daily was unfolded. It is too heavy. It contains absolutely no news. It is sadly deficient in humor, the only qualities by which it can achieve real success. I am not quite sure whether the writer is in jest or earnest when he speaks of Dr. Robertson Nicoll having been "deeply impressed by the work of Alice Brown and of F. J. Stimson." Why shouldn't he be impressed by it? The cows on Boston Common have ruminated over it; the brilliant women who have made New York society the intellectual and artistic maelstrom that it is have "had it" in their current literature classes; the Sphinx has opened her graven lips in its praise. Dr. Nicoll had better be impressed by it if he knows what's good for himself.

What the Tatler really needs is a good supply of small paragraphs of the variety usually encountered in literary periodicals of which the following may be called fair examples:

"The Rev. Pibroch Oatmeal, the author of 'Haggis and Other Tales,' who is now lecturing under the management of Colonel Lake, has discovered a new poet in the person of a boxing kangaroo, who played against the Doctor in Indianapolis. As the verses of this bard neither rhyme nor scan, a brilliant future is predicted for him."

"Mr. Percy Bolivar Tatting, of the Parthenian Magazine, has collected his poems in a small volume, 'My Kitchen Range,' and has arranged to have them carefully reviewed by Mr. Harold Lutestring, the well-known letterateur. Mr. Lutestring, who is not only a daring and incisive critic, but a trenchant and forceful novelist as well, has written a serial which is now under consideration at the office of the Parthenian."

"Mr. Turkey Largebow begins in the current issue of Scalpers' Monthly a serial entitled 'A Cruise on the Gowanus Canal,' which is illustrated by interesting photographs of the Emperor William and his hunting lodge at Schweinkrest."

In my opinion the town has gone crazy over colored supplements. I have worked for newspapers a great many years, and have seen some awful specimens of modern journalism, but last Sunday I saw a cab horse take to instant flight simply because I happened to unfold the richly decorated pages of an esteemed contemporary within his range of vision. The Herald, always famous for its simian tactics, appeared yesterday with a sort of sublimated version of the McFadden flats, intended to depict the humors of child life on Murray Hill. This picture should be nailed to the door of every art department in the land as a warning to young artists who are tempted to bite off more than they can chew. The Tribune supplement, called "Twinkles," I regard as an indication of incipient paresis on the part of some boy. The Tribune claims that the great industries of the country have suffered during the Cleveland Administration, and I am willing to believe when I look at the cartoons in Twinkles that more than one blacksmith has been compelled to seek other occupation. I am sure that these spirited drawings played an important part in the recent campaign. Each one of them contains a portrait of Uncle Sam as he is depicted in German primers of 1812, and not infrequently of a Presidential candidate, carefully labelled to prevent mistake. The background of the cartoon is filled up with factory chimneys in full blast and crowds of cheering workmen carrying dinner pails and wearing the square paper cap which is their badge in "cartoon-land." I await with much interest the appearance of "Finnerty's Back Stoop," a pictorial novelty which will be sure to please the Tribune's grave and hoary readers.

Always Easy.

It is always easy to find where to steal things, because a sign is always put where the choicest fruit grows, which reads: "Any one caught trespassing here will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law."—Atchison Globe.

Total Absence of Culture.

"I'll bet that man down there in the corner near the door eats his pie with a knife."

"Why?"

"You see he is using a finger to cut the pages of his magazine."—Cleveland Leader.

How the Coolness Began.

Little Girl—Here's another closet. Haint we got lots of 'em in our house.

Neighbor's Little Girl—Yes. My mamma says there's a skeleton in one of 'em. Let me see it, will you?—Chicago Tribune.

A Difference.

"Madge, you've been married unhappily once; why do you risk it again?"

"Well, you see, this is another man."—Chicago Record.

Real Modesty.

"Wonder why old Skinner's funeral was private?"

"Family didn't have enough grief to make a good display, I guess."—Detroit News.

JUST A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

Who the deuce is this Charlotte Smith who writes to the Journal that fashionable women at the Horse Show "sit in the front row boxes with bared neck and breasts and arms?"

Surely, nobody not suffering from delirium tremens ever saw any such spectacle as that at the Horse Show

It doesn't exist. It has never existed. Women who attend the Horse Show do not dress in any such way, and never did.

The trouble with Charlotte Smith is that she has never been to the Horse Show.

With the absolute recklessness of the professional reformer she assumes a lie as the basis of her contention, and argues from it unblushingly and libellously.

Her subsequent twaddle, therefore, about drunkenness in the boxes and scandalous behavior in cabs on the way home through Central Park is merely malicious falsehood.

Where did you come from, Charlotte, and what kind of people have you known?

You write as though you might have lived in Cincinnati and been a friend of the Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge.

Just go to the Horse Show once, Charlotte; watch the people in the boxes, and get one of the chappies to drive with you in a cab through Central Park. Then you will find that you are entirely mistaken.

Your way is not the New York way at all.

By Jove! but Oliver Belmont has grown to look like his father, the late August Belmont, Sr.

When I came face to face with Oliver in the gloaming of Madison Square Garden yesterday afternoon I was startled by the striking resemblance.

For a moment it seemed that the son had even the father's limp.

By the way, quite a number of the chappies took in (and I mean this literally) the Horse Show luncheon yesterday.

It was the same old racket, with champagne ad libitum, and every Tom, Dick and Harry elbowing you after they had drank all they could carry.

No well-regulated chappie would drink fizzy wine at a luncheon like that any way. It is very much better to follow Oliver Belmont's example and confine one's self to Scotch whiskey.

At best the Horse Show luncheon is only a social ragout; a sort of hodge podge of professional horsemen, politicians, theatrical managers, actors and newspaper writers, with a few dudes thrown in for seasoning.

The Horse Show luncheon is really not a part of the Horse Show as a social function. It is only a means of preliminary advertisement.

Nevertheless, I am not sorry that I dropped in there yesterday. It gave me an opportunity to shake hands with "Bunty" Bradford, who is back from the Virginia Hot Springs, and looking thoroughly fit.

"Bunty" was thought to be in a pretty bad way last Spring, and in the book of death it was odds on that the old chap wouldn't see another Horse Show, but he fooled us all and is back again so bright and chipper that Johnnie Hecksher and Cornelius Fellowes and Frank Sturgis and Colonel Kip look like old men in comparison with him.

Many people have a queer idea that "Bunty" is a Boston man, but there is nothing that gives him greater offence than to refer to him as such.

He was born in Boston, but his legal residence in New York dates from 1867, and if that doesn't make him a New Yorker he would like to know what a New Yorker is. And so would I.

Another interesting old chappie at the luncheon was Brayton Ives.

In the last few years Brayton Ives seems to have discarded his former fad for rare old books and china and taken to horses.

At any rate he is always to be seen nowadays where the horses are, and from the way he looks at them and criticises their conformation and talks learnedly about hock action and rounded quarters and all the rest of that tommy-rot, it would appear that he has become as great a connoisseur in horseflesh as he was in books and china.

Moreover, he is fond of the exercise that comes with following horses. One of Brayton Ives's greatest joys is to have his friends feel his biceps and see how hard they are.

And it is something that arouses the envy of all the other old chappies in these degenerate days when softness is so universal.

Just as I predicted, the race meeting at Meadowbrook on Saturday was an unqualified success.

The horsey set turned out unanimously and enthusiastically, and the chappies and chappisettes had it all their own way, with no bookmakers and no betting to interfere with the social pleasures.

This is the sort of thing that I have been fighting for for years, and I hope that the heavy swells of Long Island and Westchester will not let it die out again.

The horsemanship of the gentleman jocks was not up to the standard, but that is due to lack of practice. As it was, Willy Tiffany, Craig Wadsworth and H. S. Page did not do so badly.

The great hit of the day, however, was made by Stanley Mortimer.

Since that memorable hour when he rode his old horse, Hobson's Choice, in a match race at Jerome Park against George Work, and everybody ran out on the track to help "shoo" Hobson's Choice over the jumps, Stanley Mortimer's fame as a horseman has been secure.

After that he rested on his equine laurels, took him a wife and abandoned the jumps.

But Saturday the old spirit moved him to don a new set of racing togs that challenged the wonder and admiration of the company to such an extent that even the flaming crimson waistcoat of C. Raoul Duval was forgotten in the excitement.

A snuff-colored coat with wide skirts, enormous riding breeches, spreading out above delicately thin calves; a garish waistcoat, brown leather gaiters and a little cap of gray; and, in the midst of it all, Stanley himself, with his few remaining locks carefully curled and his mustaches twisted up like a French dancing master's.

No wonder "Angie" Belmont got excited and ran about the grounds like one possessed, while he cried out that it was the finest course he had ever seen.

I am thinking that all rich men should select their biographers before they die.

I am sure that if General Torrence had taken this precaution we should not now be asked to accept as the greatest achievements of his busy life that he paid $10,000 for a coach, $10,000 for an overcoat and $1,000 for a dog.

And yet these are the things of which we read—these and that he had a son by a first marriage, of which no one knew anything.

The progeny of dead millionaires is as mysterious as the workings of Divine Providence. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE FARMER BUNCOED AGAIN.

Mark Hanna in Evening Post.

"We put in so much work in the middle West because there especially the farmers and laborers in cities had been misinformed in regard to our position. Many of them had the idea that the Republican party stood for gold monometallism; that if McKinley were elected silver would disappear as currency. We explained to them that we stood on the St. Louis platform, which advocates bimetallism under an international agreement, and that we were not gold monometallists. The result of our campaign of education is shown in the vote all through the West."

Evening Post Editorial.

It was a square fight between the single silver standard and the single gold standard. Any politician who now goes to fooling with the delusion of international bimetallism will be held, and rightly, to be proposing to go through the agony all over again, and will be apt to have his own portion of the agony served out to him in advance.